

Posted by u/ProvisionalRebel Human 2 hours ago

On Human Piracy

OC OC

Raids were not an uncommon occurrence, especially given the value of our cargo back then. But the last was very different from all the others. Usually, pirates will only kill the crew who try to fight back. They'll drop the rest into their escape pods if they plan to take the ship or will otherwise simply guard them while they take what cargo they can. After all, killing would just bring down the hammer harder, and it would send a message to other crews that they should fight like their lives depended on it, because it would.

The humans were different. They boarded us, using what their people call "non-lethal" rounds in their weapons. Ha! Not so non-lethal to any species less hardy than their own. The impacts that were apparently supposed to cause us enough pain to surrender shattered bones, and damaged organs. Still, a small mercy that they didn't fire anything meant to actually kill one of their kind, that would have pierced the hull for sure.

I still remember the look in their eyes when I brought them into the hold. I... don't think they realized what we were moving. Merely that it was valuable. The look in their eyes was just... rage. They seethed in it, I could feel the vibrations radiating from their bodies. The one in charge slammed me into the cages, a pistol to my head. He demanded to know what we were doing. My translator could not comprehend much of his threats, but I understood enough to know my time had come.

Then he made us open the cages, normal as far as piracy goes. But then he ordered us to disable the collars... I did what was asked of me. They found the proper translation matrix we used to order the cargo around, and began speaking to it. First, the cargo huddled away from the imposing figures, but soon some came forward, speaking in its barbarian tongue. It soon became... energetic. The one in charge told his men to hold me here while some of the cargo followed him.

I still remember my crew begging, pleading for mercy. They were just doing their job.

He came back afterwards. His face was... covered in specks of their blood. My crew was gone, I knew that much. And it was my turn. But instead he walked me to the escape pod. He pressed me against the bulkhead there, speaking slowly, making sure no words were lost in translation. It was simple.

"You go free, you tell the others what happens when you deal in this 'cargo', captain."

He leaned his face in close, then ordered his men to hold me still. I was frozen when he drew the blade.

"Anyone catches you again, they'll know what you are. Ask yourself if that would be worth the profit."

I blacked out from the pain, and awoke in the pod, adrift. My face carved with human runes, deep and bold.

'SLAVER'.